The Death of Harry Potter

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The Death of Harry Potter

by Sweet_Wing_King101

Summary

"What do you want, Potter?"
Hadrian stared up at his father, hiding his anger, and handed him his Magical Aura Test.
Voldemort's eyes widened with fury.
"ALBUS DUMBLEDORE, I WILL KILL YOU!"

Harry Potter comes through an early inheritance, in which he learns that Dumbledore is not the man he claims he is. He refuses to let the old man win.

Chapter 1

Harry groaned.

Whenever he was finally able to move, he would set Vernon Dursley on *fire.*

He blinked awake and found himself on the floor of his bedroom. Memories flooded back.

Dementors, several of them, attacking him and Dudley. Vernon not believing that he had tried to *save* that lump of fat. Vernon becoming extremely angry....

Harry was going to burn the belt, too.

He sat up slowly, blinking in surprise when he realized that his back was not bleeding or on fire. He was still hurting, but it was a light ache throughout his entire body.

By force of habit, he reached for his glasses -- then realized he could *see without them.*

Okay, what the h*** was going on?

Harry stood up and was bombarded with an unfamiliar sweet scent. It was coming from his bed, which was soaked with-

When he next came to himself, he was sucking on his bedsheets. He recoiled in disgust. What was wrong with him?

His thoughts were interrupted by a tapping noise. He spun around and found a Gringotts owl flying outside his window, a note clutched in its beak.

Harry shot to the window and almost slammed into it. Recovering, he carefully opened the window. It was much easier than usual.

The owl dropped the letter on the desk and flew out again. "Guess you don't need a response," Harry muttered.

He picked up the letter and opened it.

Dear Lord Potter,

It seems you have come through an early inheritance. Please come to Gringotts to take your lordships and heirships and discover what your creature is.

This letter is a Portkey. The activation code is "Coming of Age."

Yours Cordially,

Ragnok

Head of Gringotts Bank

Harry frowned. Dumbledore had told him that he wouldn't go through an inheritance. Of course, the man was keeping secrets from him and had been ignoring him all summer.

"Coming of age," Harry said quietly.

He was suddenly snatched from his bedroom and pulled into a tunnel of light. When he reappeared on the other side, he stumbled.

Two green arms stopped him from falling over. "Your clumsiness with wizarding travel precedes you, Lord Potter," said a slightly amused, gruff voice.

Harry looked up to see a familiar goblin grinning toothily at him. "Thanks, Griphook," he snarked, collapsing in his seat. "Could we get on with it? I've had a rather infuriating summer and I'd like to get back home." So he could rip Vernon Dursley's throat out with his *teeth*.

He blinked. Where had *that* thought come from?

Griphook looked vaguely concerned but he said nothing, just sat down. "First, I assume you would like to know what your creature is."

"That would be helpful," Harry drawled.

The goblin smirked and handed him a silver parchment and a needle. "Three drops of blood."

The word "blood" made Harry's stomach grumble. He scowled down at it and snatched up the needle.

Three drops of his blood -- which was black instead of red -- fell onto the paper.

Magical Aura Test of H. S. R.-P.:

Magic: Dark (100% blocked, A. P. W. B. D.)

Level: Merlin (50% blocked, A. P. W. B. D.)

Abilities: Necromancy, Parselmagic, Soul Magic, Blood Magic (all 100% blocked, A. P. W. B. D.)

Creature: vampire (full) (dominant)

Mate: Draco Lucius Malfoy (Veela, full) (submissive)

Animagus: Knight Phoenix, Transylvanian Deathgaze (both 100% blocked, A. P. W. B. D.)

Compulsions (A. P. W. B. D.):

Hate Slytherins, Trust Gryffindors, Trust A. P. W. B. D., Trust Hermione Granger, Trust Ronald Weasley, Trust Ginevra Weasley, Distrust Slytherins, Distrust Voldemort, Distrust Severus Snape

Potions:

Love Potion (applied by Ginevra Weasley/Molly Weasley)

Other:

Marriage Contract w/ Ginevra Weasley (written by A. P. W. B. D./ Molly Weasley) (ineffective, illegal)

Horcrux (keyed to Tom Marvolo Riddle-Prince) (ineffective, irremovable)

All blocks, compulsions, and potions removed due to early creature inheritance.

Harry let out a snarl of fury, his magic exploding out. It nearly blew up Griphook's office. He quickly reined it in when the parchment started to rip. He wanted to keep proof of Dumbledore's *treachery*.

"Lord Potter, what is it?" Griphook frowned.

Hissing, Harry shoved the paper at his friend. Griphook scanned it and growled. "I suggest you take a Blood Test, as well, Lord Potter," he said stiffly. "Your initials indicate you are not James and Lily's son."

"*Get on with it,*" Harry snarled, almost in Parseltongue. Griphook nodded and pulled out another parchment, this time green.

Three more drops of blood, and more words appeared:

Blood Test of Hadrian Severus Riddle-Prince:

Name: Hadrian Severus Riddle-Prince

Bearer: Severus Riddle-Prince (alive, compromised)

Father: Tom Marvolo Riddle Prince (alive)

Blood-Adopted Name: Harry James Potter

Blood-Adopted Mother: Lily Potter Née Evans (deceased)

Blood-Adopted Father: James Fleamont Potter (deceased)

Godparent(s): Lucius Malfoy (living), Sirius Orion Lupin-Black (living, compromised), Narcissa Malfoy Née Black (living)

Titles: Boy-Who-Lived, Chosen One, Dark Lord's Heir, Master of Death

Lord to:

- *Potter*
- *Merlin (through J. P.)*
- *Gryffindor (through J. P.)*
- *Hufflepuff (through L. P. Née E.)*
- *Death*

Heir to:

- *Prince (through S. T. R.-P.)*
- *Ravenclaw (through S. T. R.-P.)*
- *Slytherin (through T. M. R.-P.)*
- *Peverell (through T. M. R.-P.)*
- *Gaunt (through T. M. R.-P.)*
- *Black (through S. O. L.-B.)*
- *Lupin (through R. J. L.-B.)*

Horcrux detected.

This time, Harry's magic reacted even more badly.

Crack!

"Not my new mahogany desk!"

Chapter 2

Once Harry -- *Hadrian* had calmed down (sort of), he growled, "I want to take my lordships."

"Don't you have any questions?" Griphook frowned, but he pulled a box of rings out of the desk as he spoke.

"Only with the Master of Death part, but I'd like to get back to the Dursleys so I can burn them," Hadrian snarled.

"Send me memories," Griphook answered, pushing the box towards him. "To take your lordships..."

A moment later, Hadrian had five lordship rings and seven heirship rings on his fingers.

"Do you need anything else, Heir Riddle-Prince?" Griphook asked.

"Stick with Lord Potter, I refuse to have anything to do with my would-be murderer and Severus I-Hate-Children Snape," Hadrian snapped, shoving away a flash of pain. "And no, there isn't."

"Before you leave, there is a problem regarding your vaults, Lord Potter," Griphook said quickly as Hadrian stood.

Hadrian gritted his teeth and noticed that two of them were pointier than the others. He frowned and ran his tongue over the pointed teeth.

Griphook smirked a little and snapped his fingers. A full-length mirror appeared beside Hadrian.

*He looked like Tom B***dy Riddle.*

He had amber eyes instead of green, and he had long, sharp fangs, but it was still basically the diary Tom staring back at him. His figure was a little more lithe and skinny, because of the stupid malnourishment, but otherwise...

"What is the problem with my vaults?" Hadrian asked flatly, turning away from the mirror. Griphook vanished it.

"Someone has been stealing from several of them," Griphook answered.

Crack!

When Hadrian arrived home -- using a Portkey, so his relatives didn't know he'd gone -- there were two owls waiting for him: a Hogwarts owl, and an unfamiliar brown owl.

My Dear Boy-

Hadrian almost burned the letter from Dumbledore, but forced himself to read it instead.

I was informed that you left your relative's house. I told you to stay there. I know what's best for you, my boy.

Some friends will come to pick you up tonight and take you to a safe house. I'm sure you miss your friends.

Sincerely,

Albus Percival Wolfric Brian Dumbledore

So *Dumbledore* was the one who left those blocks and compulsions.

Hadrian set the f***ing thing on fire.

The unfamiliar owl bore two letters, one from Sirius and Remus and the other from the Demon twins. Unlike Dumbledore's letter, it wasn't laced with false concern.

Cub/Pup,

I know Dumbledore warned us not to write you, in case the owl is intercepted, but we don't care. Are you all right? Did the Dursleys hurt you after the Dementor attack?

We love you. Please answer!

Uncle Moony & Uncle Padfoot

Hadrian swallowed down the lump in his throat. He wanted *so badly* to trust Remus and Sirius, but they followed Dumbledore. Of course, they *had* just sent him a letter, ignoring Dumbledore's orders.

Fred and George's letter was written in the same way they talked -- which was irritating and amusing at the same time.

*Dear Little **Harrikins,***

*Screw Dumbledore's **orders, we** want to **know if** you're okay. **You were** attacked by **b***dy Dementors,** and nobody **seems to care** but us **and Wolfstar.***

It took Hadrian a moment to figure out who 'Wolfstar' was. When he did, he snorted.

*Are you **okay, Harrikins?** Do we **need to** hurt the **Dursleys?** Padfoot and Moony **seemed to think** they would hurt you **for using magic** even in self-defense.*

*Your **Demons,***

And here the twins had tried to write their names at the same time, which resulted in an unreadable mess of ink. Hadrian snorted, then quickly scribbled a response to everyone but Dumbledore.

Dear Uncles Padfoot and Moony, and my Demons,

*I'm leaving. I refuse to be part of this b***dy war any more. Dumbledore can go to h*** for all I care. Letters will be unable to reach me. If there's an emergency and you need me, send it to Griphook, my Gringotts accountant.*

As for the Dursleys... they will no longer be a problem.

Love you,

Cub/Pup/Harrykins

Hadrian attached the letter to the unfamiliar owl, who hooted gently and soared out the window.

"I have nothing to say to the bearded fool," he told the Hogwarts owl, baring his fangs. It shrieked and flew off. Hedwig let out a concerned hoot. Hadrian smiled and walked over to her cage.

"At least I know *you* are loyal to me," Hadrian said calmly. Hedwig gave him an indignant look, as if saying, *Of course I am, you b***dy idiot!*

Hadrian broke the lock easily, and Hedwig flapped onto the desk, eyeing him curiously. "I won't be coming back for a while, love," he said gently. "You won't be safe with me. Fly to Pads and Moon, stay with them."

Hedwig flapped onto his shoulder and nipped his ear gently. Then she flew out the window, following the two owls.

Hadrian packed his Cloak and the Firebolt, which were the only things of important to him, and shrunk them with wandless magic, putting them in his robe pocket with his Blood Test and Magical Aura Test. Then he paused.

He hadn't had a lot of thought of what he would do, but now seemed a good time. He had until Dumbledore's people came to torture the Dursleys and burn the house to the ground, so he only had about an hour to decide what to do.

What did he *want* to do?

Remove Dumbledore's head and put it on a stick. Make his supposed *fathers* suffer just as much as he did. Make sure Draco Malfoy never got his *mate.*

(Find out what the h*** 'Master of Death' meant.)

How was he going to do all of that?

It took him a long time, but finally he came up with this plan:

He would ask Voldemort for protection from Albus Dumbledore as his Horcrux. Voldemort would never know that Hadrian was his son. He had, at first, wanted to wait until Voldemort was affectionate of him before revealing the Blood Test and killing him, but the only way Voldemort could die was if Hadrian did -- and that was *never* happening. So he would do that to Snape, then kill *him,* blaming the death on Bellatrix.

After that, he would track down Albus Dumbledore and torture and kill him.

Then he would destroy Ronald Weasley, Hermione Granger, and Ginevra Weasley. Molly Weasley for good measure.

He wasn't sure how he was going to torture Malfoy, but he would just make it up as he went along.

The Dursleys were alerted to their imminent demise when they heard a loud explosion from upstairs.

"What's the brat done this time?" Vernon growled, getting to his feet. The three of them jumped when Hadrian was just suddenly *there,* although he looked a bit different.

"Hello, *dearest* relatives," Hadrian said lazily, leaning against the wall. "Do you know what I have just discovered?"

"Why do you think we care, boy?" Vernon demanded. "And what did you do?"

"What did *I* do?" Hadrian asked softly. "No, Uncle Vernon -- the question is, what have *you* done?"

"What are you talking about, freak?" Petunia snapped. Hadrian flicked his wrist and Petunia let out a shriek, blood flowing from her mouth.

"I will remove both of your tongues as well if you don't watch your words," Hadrian said calmly.

"Boy!" Vernon yelled, charging at him. Hadrian shot up a hand, and the man was thrown backward. Petunia and Dudley jumped when he hit the wall with a loud thump.

"You will not refer to me as boy or freak," Hadrian said coldly. He laughed, and the three Dursleys shuddered. "You will never speak to me again, actually -- because you will be *dead.*"

"W-w-w-w-what do you m-m-mean?" Dudley squeaked.

Hadrian smiled darkly. "Why don't I show you?" He raised his hand.

A beautiful chorus of screams echoed through the house.

Hadrian stood staring at the burning wreck of Number 4. He wished he could stay to watch the expressions of Dumbledore's friends, but he knew that if he lingered, there was a high chance of him being captured.

Instead, he pulled out a stick that Griphook had given him. "Revenge," he said.

The Portkey activated.

Hadrian stumbled, again, upon landing, and found himself in the forest nearby Riddle Manor. He readjusted the Invisibility Cloak

before heading inside.

Voldemort and the Inner Circle Death Eaters were in the ballroom. Voldemort was sitting in a throne-like chair at the back of the group, scowling. He didn't look like half a snake. Instead, he looked like a taller version of Tom Riddle Diary, with amber eyes. Nagini was circling the throne, and Snape stood nearby, looking exhausted and as irritated as his master/husband.

Hadrian strode to the middle of the room and stood in front of the throne, before removing his Cloak.

He immediately had to block several spells.

"I'm not here to attack anyone!" Hadrian snapped.

"What do you want, Potter? Voldemort snarled.

Hadrian stared up at his father, hiding his anger, and handed him his Magical Aura Test.

Voldemort scanned it, and his eyes widened with fury.

"ALBUS DUMBLEDORE, I WILL KILL YOU!"

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

> Trust the author, for the author knows all.
> Including the timeline. Did you really think I'd let Hadrian kill his parents and mate? Have faith, little readers.

Hadrian found a wand in his face and almost blew it up. Instead he growled quietly at the owner.

"Master, what did the brat do to anger you?" Bellatrix Insane asked, eyeing Voldemort longingly. Snape eyes flashed red.

"*Point your wand away, Bellatrixssss,*" Voldemort snapped. Bellatrix quickly did so, looking confused. "*~Where did you take this?~*"

"*~Gringotts,~*" Hadrian answered.

Voldemort cursed in Parseltongue. "*~You will stay here.~*"

"*~Yes, I rather thought that would be you response,~*" Hadrian snorted.

"*~Why is your mate's name blurred?~*" Voldemort demanded.

"*~He does not like me. I do not want anything to do with him.~*" The pain that joined the anger on Hadrian's face wasn't quite a lie.

Why did Voldemort suddenly look *concerned?* He hated Hadrian.

"*~Are you sure?~*" Voldemort asked.

Hadrian snorted in response. "*~Oh yes, he made it quite clear.~*"

"My Lord?" Snape asked cautiously. "What is it?"

"This is Potter's Magical Aura Test," Voldemort said flatly. He turned his own amber eyes on Snape's, and Hadrian realized they were communicating through their bond. Snape's eyes widened in shock and fury.

Voldemort turned back to Hadrian. "Your arrival changes my plans, but this makes things easier."

Hadrian raised a brow, prompting him to explain.

"*~There is an object in the Department of Mysteries -- in the Ministry,~*" he added at Hadrian's confused frown, "*~concerning the both of us. A prophecy.~*"

Hadrian wrinkled his nose. "*~I was never a fan of Divination.~*"

Voldemort snorted. "*~Neither am I, but this prophecy spells danger for both of us. I want to hear the entire thing. I only heard part of it.~*

"*~As it is about the both of us, only we can retrieve it. I cannot go into the Ministry, or they will know I am back.~*"

"*~Glamour?~*"

"*~The doorway to the Department of Mysteries would remove it,~*" Voldemort answered.

"*~So you want me to retrieve it,~*" Hadrian guessed. He supposed that was a good idea.

"*~Yes, but you can't go* now,~" Voldemort said. "*~You are entirely untrained.~*"

Hadrian cocked his head. Dark magic training sounded interesting. And it would improve his dueling skills. He knew he was no match for Snape yet, so he would have to improve.

"*~Sounds great,~*" Hadrian said. "*~When do I start?~*"

"*~As soon as possible, my Horcrux,~*" Voldemort replied. Hadrian stifled a snort; of course he would be referred to as that. Better than 'Potter.' "*~And since you are not leaving the manor, you will also be tutored in the subjects you were taking at Hogwarts.~*"

"*~Not Divination,~*" Hadrian pleaded.

"*~That goes without saying,~*" Voldemort snorted. "*~Would you like to learn Arithmancy and Ancient Runes instead?~*"

"*~Yes,~*" Hadrian said automatically. Anything but Divination.

"*~You will start your Hogwarts classes on September second, except Defense, which you will start tomorrow, along with Dueling,~*" Voldemort instructed. "*~For now you will taken to your new room.~* Nobby!"

A house-elf popped into existence beside Hadrian. "Yes, Master Dark Lord?"

"Prepare the guest room across from mine for Mr. Potter," Voldemort instructed. "Add wards to keep everyone except myself and Narcissa Malfoy."

"*~Why Narcissa Malfoy?~*" Hadrian asked when the elf disappeared.

"*~She is a Healer,~*" Voldemort answered vaguely. Hadrian nodded in understanding.

"*~My wounds were all healed by my early inheritance,~*" Hadrian said.

Voldemort choked. "*~Wounds? Early inheritance?~*"

"*~Why do you think I'm a vampire now?~*" Hadrian snorted.

"*~I assumed you were bitten,~*" Voldemort said blankly, looking down at the Magical Aura Test again.

"*~My real parents are both vampires.~*"

Voldemort's eyes widened a little. "*~I don't suppose you're going to explain what you mean by that.~*"

"*~Lily and James were not my parents,~*" Hadrian said bluntly. He wasn't going to tell Voldemort that he was his *son,* but he could say some things. "*~I don't want anything to do with them either. Neither would care if I lived or died.~*" Which, if Voldemort hadn't known he was a Horcrux, would have been true. And he *didn't* want anything to do with Snape and Voldemort, but he had no other choice.

If he wanted revenge, that is.

Voldemort sighed and rubbed his face. "*~Then either the prophecy is fake or I chose the wrong person.~*"

"*~What?~*" Hadrian deadpanned.

"*~The prophecy refers to a child who was 'born to those who thrice defied' me,~*" Voldemort explained. "*~Did your real parents thrice defy me?~*"

Hadrian stifled a laugh and kept his face blank. "*~No.~*"

Voldemort rubbed his face. "*~We will cross that bridge when it comes.~*"

Nobby reappeared at that moment. "The room is being ready, Master Dark Lord!"

"Escort Mr. Potter to his new room," Voldemort ordered. He turned back to Hadrian. "I will send Narcissa when you've unpacked."

"I brought only two things, other than my wand, my Blood Test, and my Magical Aura Test," Hadrian drawled.

"Why?" Voldemort frowned. "What about your white owl?"

"She is safe," Hadrian answered shortly. "My clothes were too big for me, given that they were hand-me-downs from my cousin, who is roughly the size of a small whale." He ignored the snorts of disbelief. "I refused to go back to Hogwarts with *Dumbledore* there," Dumbledore was snarled hatefully, "so I left my school things, too."

Voldemort stood. "We can continue this conversation on the way to your room, *~my Horcrux.~* Narcissa, come."

The woman Hadrian had seen at the Quidditch World Cup the year before approached. She looked concerned now rather than disgusted.

"What two things did you bring?" Voldemort questioned as Nobby led them to Hadrian's new room.

"My Invisibility Cloak and my Firebolt," Hadrian responded. "The Firebolt was mostly for sentimental reasons; my godfather gave it to me. I assumed you wouldn't let me fly."

"The broom will be useful for raids," Voldemort answered with a shrug. Did that mean he was going to let Hadrian on raids? "And the Invisibility Cloak?"

"Is also useful," Hadrian replied dryly, earning a soft laugh from Narcissa. "*~It belonged to James Potter, according to Fumblebutt.~*"

Voldemort choked again. "*~I like that nickname better.~*" Hadrian snorted in agreement.

The Dark Lord suddenly frowned. "Does it still work?"

"What do you mean?"

"You said it belonged to-" he glanced at Narcissa "-your father. Invisibility Cloaks do not last that long."

"It still works," Hadrian answered. "I am not entirely sure why."

"I would like to know when you figure it out," Voldemort said.

Hadrian couldn't tell whether that was just a statement, an invitation, or an order.

"Perhaps it didn't really belong to James Potter, but Dumbledore made the Cloak himself?" Narcissa suggested.

"No," Hadrian declined. "My godfather's husband told me that he recognized the Cloak as my father's, and I trust *him*."

"You do?" Voldemort asked curiously.

"Yes."

"Welcome to yous new room, Mr. Potter!" Nobby squeaked, interrupting them.

It was much bigger than Dudley's second bedroom, and more elegant. Also more Slytherin. The walls, dresser, desk, and bedspread were green, and the carpet, ceiling, chair, and pillows were silver. The bedspread and walls were decorated with snakes.

"You're missing the skulls, Basilisk, and the giant statue of Slytherin," Hadrian drawled, earning a startled laugh from Narcissa. Voldemort, however, frowned.

"*~How did you find the Chamber of Secrets?~*" he asked cautiously.

A chance to torture Malfoy. Surely he cared about his father?

"*~A long story, involving Lucius Malfoy, a diary, and Ginevra Weasley,~*" Hadrian answered.

Voldemort's eyes flashed furiously. Narcissa took a step back. "*Luciusssssss,*" He hissed angrily.

"What has my husband done this time?" Narcissa sighed.

"Something that may get him killed, *~depending on what happened to my diary,~*" Voldemort growled.

"*~Your past self tried to kill me with a Basilisk, so I killed the Basilisk,~*" Hadrian said, then hesitated.

"*~And my diary?~*" Voldemort snarled.

"*~It was in self defense,~*" Hadrian said carefully.

"*~Yes, I'm aware, which is why I am not angry at you. Lucius, however, will suffer,~*" Voldemort spat. "*~What did you do to my diary?~*"

Hadrian sighed. "*~I stabbed it with a Basilisk fang.~*"

Voldemort's eyes turned to slits. "Narsssisssa, when you've finished healing Mr. Potter, sssssend your huzband to me." He swept out.

"What did Lucius do?" Narcissa asked Hadrian worriedly as she gestured to the bed. Hadrian sat on it.

"I'm not entirely sure I'm allowed to tell you," he answered.

"No, I suppose not," she sighed. "Do I have permission to perform the Medical History charm?"

"I'm perfectly healthy," Hadrian insisted.

"Yes, but the Dark Lord most likely wants to know what your relatives did to you, so he can punish them," Narcissa explained.

Hadrian snorted. "Don't bother. They're very dead."

Narcissa blinked in surprise. "Wh... what...?"

"I killed them and burned their house down," Hadrian said lazily. "It was very therapeutic."

The woman gave a short, hysterical laugh. "Of course it was. The Dark Lord will still want to know."

"Fine," Hadrian sighed.

Narcissa pulled out her wand. "*Medica Historis!*"

Chapter 4

Bellatrix was teaching him how to duel.

Bellatrix.

Hadrian didn't know whether to laugh at his bad luck or set someone on fire. Preferably the insane witch.

"Potter, Master may trust you now, but I don't," Bellatrix hissed. "It will be easy to accidentally kill you."

Hadrian snorted. "Not as easy as you think, woman. And I know for a fact that your master will be very angry if you kill me."

"Is he not also your master, now?" Bellatrix asked sweetly.

I bow to no one!

"I suppose," Hadrian muttered. "He's better than Dumblew****."

Bellatrix cackled. "Of course he is, itty bitty Potter! Dumble*w**** is horrible!"

"*Do not call me 'itty bitty Potter,*" Hadrian hissed, firing a silent Dark Boiling hex at her.

She dodged and the spell melted one of the columns holding up the ceiling. It quickly reformed.

Bellatrix shrieked in glee. "Itty baby Potter knows Dark spells!" She deflected another Dark hex.

"Call me anything other than Potter and I will *remove your head!*" Hadrian snarled, baring his fangs.

"Itty baby Potter is a little violent!" Bellatrix giggled. "This will be fun!"

For you, Hadrian thought angrily. Well, least he would get to curse Bellatrix as much as he wanted.

Ten minutes later, he was running away from the crazy woman in a *stone maze* the room had conjured for them. He cursed in Parseltongue and dodged the woman's hex.

"One, two, choke 'till they're blue!" Bellatrix crooned, firing a curse at Hadrian, which he blocked. "Three, four, blow up the door!"

Hadrian turned a corner and cursed again. It was a dead end.

"Five, six, bury them in bricks! Seven, eight, cut them straight!"

Hadrian closed his eyes and transformed into his dragon form.

The Transylvanian Deathgaze is similar to a Basilisk in that their gaze can kill. They are smaller than most dragons, lither, and jet black. Like snakes, they have three eyelids. If two are closed, their gaze is harmless. They have sharp, deadly talons, fangs, and spines, which grow along their spine and tail. Unlike every other dragon, they do not blow fire. They have a deadly icy breath, which is colder than dry ice.

"Nine, ten -- *aaaaaaaugh!*"

"*~Hello, dinner,~*" Hadrian snickered.

"*~My Horcrux, don't kill your dueling tutor,~*" he heard Voldemort say lazily. He looked around, but he couldn't see him.

He turned back to his prey and bared his long, sharp fangs. Bellatrix screamed and ran the other way. Hadrian stalked after her.

Bellatrix kept firing spells at him, but they bounced off his skin. Finally Hadrian struck, slicing her wand arm. He couldn't kill her, but he could incapacitate her. She screamed again and dropped her wand.

"*~I request a different dueling tutor,~*" Hadrian growled. "*~This one is insane.~*"

"*~I assumed you would prefer that one to Severus,~*" Voldemort pointed out.

Hadrian huffed through his nose, sending a cloud of icy breath at a wall. It frosted over.

Well... it was more opportunity to torture the man....

"*~He's better than this b****,~*" Hadrian replied.

"Very well," Voldemort said in English, reappearing beside them.

"Master, he tried to kill me!" Bellatrix squawked.

"He defended himself, Bellatrix," Voldemort said icily. "I told you not to use the maze, to give him free rein. I wanted to see how talented he is at dueling."

Hadrian transformed back into a human. "And I most certainly did not try to kill you. I could have struck just below your left shoulder, but *our* master told me not to kill you."

Voldemort raised a brow at him as Bellatrix hissed.

"Bellatrix reminded me that I am supposed to be your follower now," Hadrian grumbled.

"I imagine that put you out a bit."

"You're better than Dumblew****," Hadrian pointed out.

Voldemort laughed. "You have interesting nicknames for the old fool."

Hadrian had heard Voldemort laugh twice now. It didn't sound dangerous or cold, rather pleasant. Voldemort also hadn't acted as trigger-happy as he had at the graveyard. Or as insane.

"Go to Narcissa," Voldemort ordered Bellatrix, bringing Hadrian out of his confused thoughts. The woman fled, casting Hadrian angry and terrified look.

The maze disappeared, except the wall Hadrian had frozen. It shattered instead.

"You look confused, *~my Horcrux,~*" Voldemort said. "What is your question?"

"At the graveyard, you were..." Hadrian trailed off.

"*~Insane? Homicidal? Snake-faced?~*" Voldemort suggested. Hadrian nodded. "*~Severus came up with a potion that restored my sanity -- or at least, the sanity I had before I created several Horcruxes.~*"

Hadrian frowned. "*~Is that why you tried to kill a baby?~*"

Voldemort winced. "*~I normally would not have done that. Instead,~*" he admitted, "*~I would probably have kidnapped you. The prophecy said nothing about you actually vanquishing me, just that you had the power to do so.~*"

"*~What?~*" Hadrian demanded.

"*~Ah, I suppose you should probably hear the part of the prophecy that I know,~*" Voldemort sighed. "*~'The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches. Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies.~*"

"*~That's incredibly vague,~*" Hadrian frowned. "*~Shouldn't there be several people that would apply to that?~*"

"*~Actually, there were only two,~*" Voldemort said simply. "*~You and Neville Longbottom.~*"

Hadrian cackled. "*~Neville Longbottom? Neville Longbottom, defeat the Dark Lord?~*"

"*~At the time, you were both children,~*" Voldemort pointed out dryly. "*~Lily and James Potter and Frank and Alice Longbottom were both equally powerful, so it was impossible to determine which of you would be my 'vanquisher.'~*"

"*~So why did you pick me?~*" Hadrian asked.

Voldemort frowned. "*~I don't remember. That time is rather foggy.~*"

Foggy?

"*~It sounds like you were Obliviated,~*" Hadrian frowned. If Voldemort was Obliviated, he wouldn't be able to attack Snape or punish either of them.

Voldemort blinked. "*~It does. Perhaps I'll summon a goblin later and take a Magical Aura Test.~*"

Thank Merlin, he didn't suggest a Blood Test. Hadrian would have shown up on that.

"For now," Voldemort added, "Severus is in his potions room. Tell him that I asked him to teach you dueling and Occlumency."

"What's *Occlumency?*"

Chapter 5

"Potter," Snape said flatly without looking up from the potion. "What do you want?"

Answers, Hadrian thought. Instead he said, "The Dark Lord wants you to teach me dueling and Occlumency."

Snape frowned and looked up at that. "Wasn't *Bellatrix*-" he spat the name out with anger "-supposed to teach you dueling?"

"Huh, look at that, someone you hate more than me," Hadrian said sarcastically. "I'm not being taught by that b****."

"What did she do to earn your wrath?" Snape asked dryly.

"She existed," Hadrian sniffed. Snape curled his lip. Hadrian realized the man was *amused.*

Hadrian shook himself. "Are *you* going to tell me what Occlumency is? The Dark Lord just laughed when I asked."

Snape stared at him. "Didn't your pureblood tutors teach you-"

"I grew up with Muggles, *Snape,* and I didn't know I was a wizard until my eleventh birthday," Hadrian snapped.

"Curb your tongue. Dumbledore told me you were pampered and spoiled by purebloods," Snape retorted, looking faintly alarmed.

What?

"*Dumbledore* told you I was raised by purebloods," Hadrian said incredulously. "He didn't tell you he left me on my aunt's f***ing doorstep in the middle of the night with just a b***dy *note?*"

"What?" Snape hissed, looking enraged. "It was thirty degrees that night!"

"Dumblef*** didn't care," Hadrian snorted. Snape snorted. "Has the Dark Lord told you about my Magical Aura Test?"

"No," Snape said warily. Hadrian took it out and handed it to him, blurring his mate's name again.

Snape let out a snarl, fangs appearing and eyes red. "He blocked your magic and core?"

Hadrian blinked at the man. He had assumed Snape would call him a liar. Instead, he looked *worried* (and angry).

Perhaps he should rethink his plan.

"You haven't read the other blocks or the compulsions and potions yet," Hadrian said blankly.

Snape stared at him, then turned back to the paper. He let out another snarl. "He blocked your *mate?*"

"He hates me anyway," Hadrian said slowly. "Why do you care?"

"No one should be without their mate," Snape said tightly. "The only one I would wish that on is *Dumbledore.*"

He was definitely rethinking his plan. Besides, Dumbledore mostly trusted Snape.

"I want it back when you're done," Hadrian said, conjuring an armchair and taking a seat.

Snape started. "You can perform magic outside of school?"

"Early inheritance. I'm 'of age' now," Hadrian said. "That's what Griphook said, anyway."

The Potions Master stared at him a moment before going back to the test. He growled quietly several times as he read, but didn't burst out angrily again. His eyes widened when he finished. "The Dark Lord turned you into a Horcrux?" he choked.

"Accidentally," Hadrian shrugged. "I figured I'd use that to protect myself from Fumblebutt."

Snape curled his lip again, torn between amusement and anger.

"Will you teach me Occlumency?" Hadrian asked, holding his hand out for the Magical Aura Test.

"You will have to learn meditation first, to clear your mind," Snape replied, giving the parchment back. Hadrian stuck it in his robes. "*Habitus,*" Snape muttered, flicking his wand at the potion.

It was as if the potion simply froze in time. Hadrian stared with interest at a bubble, which had paused mid-pop.

"Stasis Charm," Snape explained. "This is not a good place to perform meditation; not relaxing, for you. What place is the most relaxing to you? The Quidditch Pitch?"

Hadrian hesitated. "Mostly. I'd have to be in the air. But I've always felt most relaxed in a library."

"A library," Snape deadpanned. "The Boy-Who-Hates-Books."

"I don't hate books," Hadrian snorted. "I just had to pretend to be stupid, or Granger would be jealous." *I'm going to set fire to her precious books.*

"Did you do the same with my class?" Snape asked slowly.

"Yes," Hadrian said bluntly. "I was actually trying with the potions, but I was often paired with *Ronald* and the Slytherins kept throwing ingredients in my potion."

Snape scowled. "I have told them not to throw ingredients into Gryffindors' potions! That could result in disaster! Especially a Weasley's potion!"

"The Demons told me they fail their potions on purpose, to see what mass chaos they can create," Hadrian snickered.

Groaning, Snape waved Hadrian out of the potions room. "Of *course* they do."

The meditation had really helped with Hadrian's ever-present wrath. He was much calmer now and able to think.

Voldemort and Snape were not what he had expected. He had expected a mad, homicidal Dark Lord and a child-bullying Potions Master. Instead, Voldemort was basically Hadrian's new personality, and while Snape was still snarky and dour, he was also gentler and actually had a sense of humor.

And they *cared* about him.

And they still thought he was Harry Potter, Boy-Who-Lived!

Hadrian rubbed his face. He wished he could be sure they wouldn't push him away when they found out.

He decided that, for the moment, he would just watch his parents. If they didn't turn on him, he would show them the Blood Test later.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

mentions of torture and abuse

"*Nebulos,*" Snape whispered. Fog spilled from his wand and filled the room with thick mist.

Hadrian smirked and thought, *Visus Anguis*. Snape was instantly visible as a yellow silhouette. Vampires might not have human blood, but they were still warmer than the fog. He snuck silently over to the man.

Clara, Hadrian thought, closing his eyes. A bright light erupted from his wand, evaporating the mist. At the same time, he canceled the Snake Vision Charm.

Snape actually *yelped* before performing the counter-charm. Hadrian opened his eyes as soon as the light was gone and disarmed the man while he was still blinking light from his eyes.

"Well done, Ha -- Potter," Snape amended.

"Harry is fine," Hadrian shrugged, handing his wand back. "Any suggestions?"

"None, you did very well," Snape said dryly. "One question. How the b***dy h*** did you find me in the fog?"

"That's for me to know and for me to know," Hadrian answered with a smirk.

Snape snorted. "Brat," he said in an entirely too fond tone. "Are you hungry?"

Hadrian glanced at the clock in the training room. It was nearly lunchtime. "Probably. Do you have that blood replacement potion?"

"Yes, would you prefer that to human blood?" Snape asked, as the two left the room.

Hadrian grimaced. "My first taste of human blood was my own, soaked into my sheets."

Snape's eyes darkened. "I've half a mind to use Petunia for potions ingredients."

"She's dead," Hadrian shrugged. "I killed her."

"*What?*"

Hadrian gleefully retold what he'd done to the Muggles and finished just as they arrived in the dining room. Voldemort was sitting at the head of the table, along with the three Lestranges, what looked like Theodore Nott's father and Blaise Zabini's mother, and-

Hadrian blinked when he saw the three Malfoys. Lucius was conversing with Voldemort, while Narcissa was rubbing her son's shoulder. The younger Malfoy looked a lot paler than usual, and much skinnier.

"What are you grinning at, Sev?" Rodolphus asked, making Lucius stop mid-sentence.

"Potter?" Malfoy yelped. "What are you doing here?"

He didn't sound angry. Just surprised.

"He is under my protection now," Voldemort answered, making the boy blanch. "What *are* you grinning at, Severus?"

"Ha -- Potter's revenge on the Muggles," Snape answered, taking a seat by his master. This left an open seat between Bellatrix and Hadrian's so-called *mate.*

Curse his stupid luck.

"Ooh, what did itty baby Harry do to the Muggles?" Bellatrix asked eagerly.

"I told you not to call me that," Hadrian snarled at her. The Malfoy boy actually *squeaked* and jumped away from him, then winced.

Mate hurt! Hadrian's vampire snarled.

No! I don't care! He hates me!

Mate hurt! Hadrian's vampire growled again.

Hadrian ignored it and sat down, warning Bellatrix to keep her distance with a quiet hiss. The Malfoy boy flinched away from him

again.

"May I tell them?" Snape asked, studying his godson with a slightly concerned look. Hadrian waved a hand dismissively. Snape began explaining the torture and passed Hadrian a blood replacement potion.

Bellatrix cackled when Snape related the part of boiling Dudley's fat inside of him, while the rest looked nauseated or vindictive. "Clever itty baby Harry!"

"I will burn you," Hadrian snarled again. He ignored Malfoy's third flinch.

"Bellatrix, he beat me in a duel, I suggest you do not anger him," Snape warned. Everyone at the table looked shocked except Voldemort, who looked pleased.

"Harry, I'm going to have a meeting with my Death Eaters," Voldemort said. "Draco is far too young to wear my mark." Lucius scowled, but his son deflated, looking utterly relieved. "Will you take him to the library? He enjoyed the place last time."

"Yes, Master," Hadrian answered with a sigh.

"Alternatively, you could go flying," Voldemort added. Malfoy blinked and stared at him, then quickly looked away, wincing again.

Mate hurt!

"Library, I want to rest after dueling Snape," Hadrian answered.

"You allowed me to call you Harry," Snape interjected. "Outside of classes, you may call me Severus."

Hadrian stared at him, then nodded.

A mere five days ago, if someone had told him he'd be sitting at a table with Death Eaters, Draco Malfoy, and Voldemort and being told he could call Snape by his first name, he would have sent them to Saint Mungo's.

Hadrian finished off the blood replacement potion and stood up. "Come on, Malfoy."

The boy jumped, winced, and got up. He hadn't touched any of his food.

Maybe Hadrian would ask a house-elf to bring them snacks later. He liked Narcissa and he didn't want to be accused of letting her son starve.

Malfoy was quiet as he followed Hadrian to the library. Hadrian noticed he was walking rather stiffly and had his arms wrapped around himself.

"Malfoy," Hadrian said, and the boy jumped again, then winced. "What happened to calling me Saint Potter and insulting Granger and Ronald?"

He swallowed and looked away. "Don't know."

He's lying.

"Try again," Hadrian said in a slightly cold voice. The boy flinched.

"I..." Malfoy swallowed. "That... that was in front of the other Gryffindors."

Hadrian frowned. "Explain."

"They expect me to... hate you," Malfoy continued in a quiet voice, still looking anywhere but at Hadrian. "If... if I had treated you nicely, they... they would have been suspicious."

Somehow, Hadrian knew that Malfoy wasn't talking about the Gryffindors.

"Who else didn't want you to treat me *nicely?*" he asked, and Malfoy blanched.

"N-n-n-n-n-"

Mate scared, his vampire whined.

Hadrian ignored it and grabbed Malfoy's arms. The boy jerked back, panicking. Hadrian ignored this and stared him in the eyes.

And was met by a wall.

Of course Malfoy would have been taught Occlumency.

Hadrian looked around the edge of the wall, trying to find an opening. Finally he found a little crack and slipped through.

Only to be met by a maze.

The Triwizard Tournament maze.

Well, excellent.

Malfoy's secrets were probably in the very center of the maze. Then again, that was probably where everyone else would assume they were. Did that mean Hadrian would have to scour the entire b***dy maze until he found what he wanted?

"*You could make this a little easier for me, Malfoy,*" he heard himself croon from far away. The walls of the maze shuddered a little, and he heard Malfoy whimper.

Mate scared-

Yes, I know, now shut up, Hadrian thought to the stupid vampire.

I will help if you stop scaring mate, the vampire offered.

Hadrian blinked. *What? You can do that?*

No answer.

Fine. Help me.

Scent, said the vampire.

Hadrian paused, then sniffed. Smells bombarded him.

*How the h***-*

Smell for pain and fear, the vampire ordered.

What, why?

Mate scared of the one he will not tell you of, the vampire responded.

Huh. Well, that was kind of obvious in hindsight. Hadrian sniffed again and separated the smells of fear and pain from the rest. He set off through the maze.

It wasn't exactly the same as the Triwizard maze. The walls moved around and sometimes got him trapped, and there wasn't any Blast-Ended Skrewts, Sphinxes, Boggarts, or Acromantulas. There were, however, several memories floating at the dead ends.

Finally, he found himself in a dark corner, where he found memories that were emitting soft screams. Malfoy's screams.

Mate hurt! the vampire snarled in fury. Hadrian ignored it and selected one of the memories.

He was suddenly flung into an unfamiliar room, with Lucius Malfoy glaring down at his son, who looked confused and slightly panicky.

"I just received a letter from Miss Parkinson," he said icily. "She seems to think that you were kissing Mr. Zabini."

Malfoy's pale face went even whiter. *Mine!* the vampire growled.

"I don't know what she's talking about," he stated carefully.

"She provided *pictures*."

Malfoy swallowed.

"I was unaware," Lucius said, his voice even softer and icier, "that I raised a fa***t."

This time, Hadrian's snarl joined his vampire's.

Lucius unleashed a spell on his son, and the memory changed. He saw his mate again, this time with fiery wings and emitting the same aura Fleur Delacour had. He was curled up on the floor, shaking, and a similarly-winged Lucius was arguing with another Veela.

"A submissive?" Lucius snarled. "He cannot be a submissive! He is supposed to be a dominant!"

"I'm afraid he is a submissive, Lord Malfoy," said the Veela coldly. "Your wife will contact me if your son is harmed again. She does not know how he got hurt, but if he does again, I *will* tell her -- and I will help her burn you. We do not hurt submissives."

Mate! He hurt mate! HE MUST DIE! Hadrian's vampire roared.

Hadrian retreated from his mate's mind, seething. Draco was still in his grip, shaking harder than he had in the memory. Tears were falling down his face.

"Wh..." Draco tried to speak but couldn't. Hadrian stared at his mate a moment longer before pulling him into a hug.

"*Mate,*" he growled. "*Mine.*"

Draco let out a quiet sob and his wings suddenly erupted from his back. "*M-mate.*"

"Don't worry, pet, I won't let him hurt you again," Hadrian whispered. Draco sobbed harder and hugged him back.

He looked forward to making Lucius Malfoy *scream.*

Chapter 7

Hadrian sent Draco along to the library alone, then ran to the ballroom to wait for the meeting to end. He wanted to warn Voldemort that he was going to destroy Lucius Malfoy.

To his surprise, they were talking about *him.*

"Have any of you found anything on my son?" Voldemort demanded, his expression angry but his eyes full of desperation.

"I'm afraid not, my Lord," Lucius replied blankly.

"I'm not sure how we're supposed to track someone *Dumblew****** hid," Nott muttered. Severus shot a curse at him, and he shrieked in pain.

"Severus," Voldemort said quietly, and his husband stopped the curse, looking furious and pained. Hadrian swallowed.

Soon. I'll tell them soon.

Voldemort took a breath, then said, "We'll... come back to him. Any progress with the Order?"

Order?

"Dumbledore is still frantically searching for Harry," Severus answered. "The Ministry is still keeping his absence under wraps, so he has to search under the radar. He tried to talk with Harry's accountant and Gringotts, but the goblin refused to cooperate."

Hadrian smirked. Good old Griphook.

"This is how I discovered that he and several of the Weasleys were stealing from his vaults," Severus added angrily. "I overheard their youngest son complaining about Harry's accountant refusing to let anyone into his vaults. According to a new policy, when a person is missing, their vaults are closed until they are found again."

Yes, Hadrian was definitely repaying Griphook for that one.

"Why hasn't Potter tortured them, then?" asked Mulciber, looking eager. Apparently Hadrian's torture of the Dursleys had spread very quickly. "Does he not know?"

"I do not know," Voldemort answered, frowning. "Even if he did, he could not do anything to them at that point. He was untrained and outnumbered. They would have captured him."

A quiet hoot sounded behind him, and Hadrian turned to find Griphook's owl. It bore two letters, one with Moony's handwriting and the other with Griphook's. He took Griphook's first.

Dear Lord Potter,

Your wolf, grim, and Demons have had to escape from Dumbledore's Order. The grim is wounded. It seems he attacked Dumbledore.

Hadrian choked in surprise and anger.

He's healing quickly, but now they are in danger from both the Ministry and the Order. Perhaps they can stay with you and the Dark Lord?

Yours in Service,

Griphook

Harry Potter Accountant

Hadrian quickly snatched up Moony's letter. He'd written shakily and there were tears on the parchment.

Cub,

Padfoot is hurt. He attacked Dumbledore, he was stealing from your vaults. Where are you? I need you, cub

Moony

Well, Moony was clearly upset if his letter was *this* short and unclear. Hadrian cursed Dumbledore quietly.

"*~Harry, what are you doing?~*"

Hadrian jumped and spun around to find Voldemort standing there, one eyebrow raised. The meeting appeared to be over, because the Death Eaters were leaving.

"Waiting for you to finish," Hadrian answered. "I have two items of business, but one of them can wait." Draco may be extremely important to him, but Padfoot needed a Healer. He handed the letters to Voldemort.

He scanned them and raised a brow. "Your godfather attacked Dumbledore?" He sounded a mixture of impressed and disapproving.

"Yes, he's always been very protective of me *and* stupid," Hadrian said dryly. "Is it alright if they come here, Master?"

"Yes, of course," Voldemort answered. "But Black has to promise not to say anything to Severus."

"I'll talk to him, Master," Hadrian promised. He conjured a quill and quickly scribbled a reply on the back of Moony's letter, then turned it into a Portkey to the same place he'd Portkeyed to.

"What is that other piece of business you wanted to talk to me about?" Voldemort asked as the owl flew off.

Hadrian's expression darkened. He was about to answer when he noticed that Lucius was gone -- but Narcissa was not.

He jumped to his feet. "Follow me and stay quiet, and you'll see, Master." He raced down the hall to the library, hearing Voldemort follow.

Lucius was standing over a cowering Draco when they arrived. "You are weak," he snarled, a knife appearing in his hands. Draco shrieked.

Hadrian was instantly between them, wand almost shoved up Lucius' nose. "*Do not hurt my mate,*" he snarled icily, aware that his fangs were bared. Lucius blanched.

"*Luciussss,*" Voldemort said in an even colder tone. "*You know the lawz about sssssubmissssssivez. Sssstep away from your sssssson.*"

Lucius very slowly took a few steps away from Hadrian. As soon as he did, Hadrian was pulling his shaking mate off the floor and into his arms, crooning softly. Draco sobbed and clung to him tightly.

"My Lord-" Lucius began carefully.

"*Don't* try and worm out of this, Lucius!" Hadrian snarled, jerking his head around to glare at the man. "I saw Draco's memories of what you did to him!" Draco flinched, and Hadrian rubbed his back.

"In that case," Voldemort said, eyes glowing angrily, "perhaps *you* would like to punish Lucius."

Hadrian's smile would have made the bravest man scream and run.

Chapter 8

"*HE DID WHAT TO MY SON!*" Narcissa shrieked, wings exploding from her back and fireballs forming in her hands.

"Calm down, Narcissa, before you destroy my manor," Voldemort ordered.

"Mum," Draco piped up quietly from Hadrian's arms, and everyone turned to him. "I'm fine."

The fire disappeared, but Narcissa still looked angry, as well as concerned. "Are you sure, dear?"

"Yes," Draco replied, snuggling deeper into Hadrian's embrace. "H-Harry saved me."

"Thank you, Harry," Narcissa said before turning to Voldemort. "Where is my husband?" she asked in a falsely calm voice.

"Ten feet under," Hadrian answered, kissing the top of Draco's head, which made him squeak. When Narcissa looked puzzled, he explained, "It's a Muggle saying. He's very dead." His eyes flashed with satisfaction.

Narcissa's eyes widened a little.

"Draco's the new Malfoy Lord," Hadrian added. "He owns Malfoy manor, so you can still stay there."

The woman relaxed, and her wings disappeared. "I want memories."

"Yes, of course," Hadrian answered lazily, kissing the top of Draco's head again. "Now, my godfather will be here in a moment with his mate and Fred and George Weasley, and I need you to heal him."

"What did he do this time?" Narcissa asked with a sigh.

"Attacked Dumbledore."

"What?!"

"He hurt my pup!" a familiar voice said indignantly, although his voice was a lot weaker than usual.

Severus entered the room, escorting Remus, who was carrying Sirius in his arms. Sirius looked slightly delirious, and he was covered in blood and missing his left arm. Moony's eyes were gold and he had a panicky, anxious expression on his face.

"Oh, dear," Narcissa said worriedly, stepping out of the way. "Lay him here."

Moony growled quietly at her but obeyed, laying Padfoot on top of the bed. He sat down at the end of the bed, glaring stubbornly at the Healer.

Severus instantly left, casting a look at Voldemort as he did so. Voldemort winced apologetically.

Hadrian kissed the top of Draco's head and released him before approaching the angry wolf. Moony took one look at him and dragged him over, growling, "Cub!"

"Yes, yes, Moony, I'm here," Hadrian said exasperatedly, earning a stifled giggle from Draco. "Now take deep breaths. Sirius is going to be all right."

"Mate hurt," Moony whined.

"He'll be fine," Hadrian soothed. Remus breathed in sharply, and his eyes turned green. He hugged Hadrian, casting Sirius anxious looks.

"Cub?" he asked curiously. "Why are you a vampire?"

"I'll explain later," Hadrian answered. "Oh-" He wriggled out of Moony's grasp and returned to Draco, pulling him into his grasp. "This is my mate, Draco Malfoy."

"Hello, Blond Birdie," Sirius said dazedly, before frowning in a puzzled way at his missing arm.

"Hello, Professor," Draco said politely, snuggling closer to Hadrian. He was very cuddly.

"I'm no longer your professor," Remus pointed out with a tight smile. "You can call me Remus."

"Lycaon," Hadrian corrected. "I don't want anyone to know your real names. And Sirius is Storm. Fred and George are Demon and Devil."

"Moo Moo why is my arm invisible?" Sirius asked deliriously. Remus

let out a quiet sob and covered his face. "No Moo Moo don't cry!"

"My Lord, I can't replace his arm," Narcissa said with a sigh. Voldemort pulled out his wand and flicked it. A silver streak flew from his wand and formed into an arm, attaching to Sirius' stump.

Sirius blinked at it a moment before beaming. "Moo Moo look I'm Winter Soldier!"

"I never should have shown you that series," Remus groaned.

"Kneel before me, peasants!" Sirius sang, before falling unconscious. Remus yelped in alarm.

"Don't worry, Remus, I just spelled him asleep," Narcissa explained. "He'll be fine." She closed the last cut. "There, good as new. He'll probably need a blood-replenishing potion."

Hadrian pulled one out of his pocket. "Severus has been teaching me potions," he explained, "and I assumed Storm would need one."

Narcissa took it and flicked her wand at Sirius. He opened his eyes and blinked.

"Hey, I don't hurt anymore," he noted. Remus sagged in relief. "Moo Moo! Pup!" he said in glee. He blinked when he saw the two Malfoys and Voldemort. "Hold the phone."

"What's a phone?" Draco whispered. Narcissa handed Sirius the potion, which he immediately downed.

"Gryffindor," Voldemort snorted.

"We're following the Dark Lord now," Hadrian told Sirius.

"Better than Dumblebutt," Sirius answered. He yelped. "Wait! But he killed Prongs!"

"Dumblew**** manipulated him into doing so," Hadrian said flatly.

"Language," Remus said automatically.

"Yes, Captain America," Hadrian deadpanned.

Sirius beamed. "Moony! I'm Bucky and you're Steve! We're Stucky too!"

Moony groaned and covered his face. "Put him back to sleep."

"Hey!"

"Where are the Demons?" Hadrian asked, sniggering.

"They're waiting in the ballroom," Severus said resignedly as he came back in. "One of them is flirting with Rabastan and the other just pranked Bellatrix."

"Already making chaos," Hadrian snorted, cackling. Sirius snickered. "Which reminds me. I want a code name as well," he said to Voldemort.

Voldemort raised a brow, prompting an explanation.

"I want to be called Chaos," Hadrian said. "Dumbledore has got the Order, and you now have Chaos."

"I like it," Voldemort replied, smiling. "I assume you would prefer to follow orders from Harry rather than me," he added dryly, turning his gaze to Remus and Sirius.

"We do that anyway," Sirius shrugged, attempting to sit up. Remus helped him and pulled him into his lap.

"Very well," Voldemort agreed. "And the Demons would prefer that as well?"

"Oh, definitely," Hadrian smirked. Draco laughed.

"Harry, why are you snuggling with Cissa's kid?" Sirius asked.

"The same reason you're snuggling with Lycaon," Hadrian replied. "He's my mate."

"Lycaon?" Sirius questioned.

"And you're Storm," Hadrian added.

Moony murmured something in Sirius' ear, and the dog Animagus' eyes widened in realization.

"Also, why are Sniv -- ow, Moony! -- Snape and Voldy standing so close?" Sirius added. Voldemort growled quietly, and Severus glared at Sirius.

"That's for them to know and for them to know," Hadrian retorted. "And Severus and I are friends now. Call him that again and I'll set the Demons on you."

Sirius blanched. "They're crazier than we were!"

"Exactly. So don't insult Severus."

"Fine," Sirius grumbled.

"Or prank him. Or-"

"Okay!" Sirius exclaimed. Draco covered his mouth, hiding his giggle. Remus cast Severus an apologetic look.

"Do you believe you're ready to go to the Department of Mysteries now?" Voldemort asked Hadrian.

Hadrian blinked. "I think I've trained enough. But I want Storm to be completely recovered before we go."

There was also something else he wanted to do.

That night, after Draco and Narcissa had gone home, Hadrian went searching for Nagini. He had met her only once after arriving her, and she had taken a shine to him. Usually, he was too busy to talk to her, but now, he needed her to to something for him.

He found her chasing a black rat in the dungeons. She hissed angrily when it vanished into the wall. *~Stupid rat!~*

"*~Hey, Nagini,~*" Hadrian interjected. Nagini's head shot up and she positively beamed at Hadrian (if snakes could beam).

~Hatchling!~ Nagini crooned. She frowned suddenly. *~Hatchling, you look nervous. Are you okay?~*

Hadrian took a breath. "*~I want you to give this to our Master and his mate in the morning.~*" He held out his Blood Test.

Nagini cocked her head. *~Why does Hatchling want to give Master paper?~*

"*~It shows my birth parents,~*" Hadrian said quietly, hoarsely.

~Who are hatchling's birth parents?~ Nagini asked in a puzzled tone.

"*~...Voldemort and his mate,~*" Hadrian whispered.

Nagini gasped and slithered around him excitedly, pulling him into a snake version of a hug. *~Master's hatchling! You're alive! Master and Master's mate have been looking for you forever!~*"

Hadrian pulled his arms out of the embrace and hugged her back. "*~I know. Could you -- could you give them this?~*" He held out the test again.

~Why don't you want to tell them yourself, hatchling?~ Nagini asked in concern.

"*~I...~*" Hadrian swallowed. "*~I kept it hidden from them. I...~*"

~Hatchling,~ Nagini said gently, *~they will never hate you. I will give them the paper, and you will see.~*

Hadrian swallowed again. "*~I don't know. I don't...~*"

~Oh, hatchling,~ Nagini whispered, and Hadrian felt the tears he'd been keeping back since he first saw the Blood Test come. He collapsed into the snake's embrace, sobbing.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hadrian barely slept that night. The two hours he slept, he dreamed that his parents were furious and rejected him.

When the sun rose, he was still in the same position he'd been for the past eight hours -- curled in the fetal position on his floor.

Nagini nosed open his door at nine o'clock. *~I gave Master and Master's mate your Blood Test, hatchling,~* she hissed softly, curling up around him.

"*~Did you...~*" Hadrian swallowed. "*~Did they...~*"

~Nagini left before they could see it,~ she answered. *~Knew hatchling would need Nagini.~*

"*~Thanks, Nagini,~*" Hadrian whispered. Nagini nuzzled his hair and didn't answer.

A moment later the door burst open, and an angry, shocked Severus Snape stood there. Hadrian tensed.

He's angry.

"Why didn't you tell me you were my *son?*" Severus choked, kneeling beside him.

Hadrian swallowed again and sat up slowly. "At first, it was because I was really mad," he said quietly, without looking at Severus. "You... Voldemort tried to kill me multiple times-" Severus flinched "-and you..."

Severus flinched again.

"Then... when I realized you weren't the people I thought you were..." Hadrian glanced at him briefly before looking away. "I thought... I thought you would still hate me."

"What?! Why?!" Severus sputtered, gaping at him.

Hadrian fisted his robes, still staring at the ground. "...hid from you,"

he muttered.

The next moment he felt Severus' arms wrapping around him. Hadrian choked and threw himself into his mother's embrace, sobbing.

"My son," Severus rasped, pulling him closer. "My son."

They held each other for a long moment, ignoring Nagini's pleased hissing in the background, and then Hadrian mumbled, "Where's... F-Father?"

"He's in shock," Severus said dryly. "I don't think he's moved since he found out."

Hadrian swallowed and leaned back a little so he could see his mother's expression. "Is... is he..."

"He will *never* hate you," Severus said sternly, his expression soft. "You are his son. His heir."

Hadrian relaxed again. "I want to see him, then."

Severus helped him up and hugged him tightly. "I barely got the chance to hold you," he murmured. "Give me a moment."

Swallowing back another burst of crying, Hadrian squeezed him back, nuzzling into his mother's chest.

~Aww,~ Nagini cooed. *~Hatchling and Master's mate are adorable.~*

"*~Shut up 'Gini.~*"

A minute later, Severus released him very reluctantly and quietly led him out of the room, walking across the hall to Hadrian's parents' bedroom. Severus opened the door, revealing a room similar to Hadrian's, but bigger, and with several bookshelves. Voldemort was sitting on the bed, still staring at the Blood Test with wide eyes.

He stirred when they entered and looked up at them, eyes going wider. "*~Son,~*" he breathed.

Hadrian rushed forward and launched into his father's arms, and Voldemort pulled him closer, choking. Severus joined them, and the reunited family curled up together on the bed.

(If Hadrian fell asleep, only his parents would know.)

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the short chapter

Chapter 10

Hadrian had shown his uncles, Fred, and George his Blood Test a few days before Sirius recovered. The twins had gasped in unison and said, "Hottie and Sour Bat are your parents?"

Which made Sirius fall to the floor laughing, and Remus roll his eyes. This had removed the shock of Hadrian's statement, and they had accepted this. The twins had even changed his nickname to Hadrikins.

Then Voldemort had told his followers that Harry Potter was in fact Hadrian Riddle-Prince, and the celebrations had lasted for almost three days straight. Bellatrix was the only one who was disappointed, but this was because she was in love with Voldemort and both hated and feared Hadrian.

Sirius finally recovered a week before September first. Hadrian was supposed to take his four followers, as well as the three Lestranges, Mulciber, Nott, Crabbe Senior, and Goyle Senior, to the Ministry guest entrance at ten o'clock the next night. The Death Eaters would take care of the Unspeakables, while Lycaon, Storm, Demon, and Devil would protect Hadrian.

"Bellab****, Rab, Rod, you go first," Hadrian ordered. "We can't all fit inside. I'll go last with Storm and Lycaon."

"Language," Remus groaned. Sirius and the Weasley twins sniggered.

"Yes, Chaos," the Lestrange twins chorused. Bellatrix hissed at him, and her husband and brother-in-law quickly dragged her into the phone booth.

The four remaining Death Eaters followed, then Fred and George (who gave each other's codenames), and finally, Hadrian, Remus, and Sirius entered.

A female voice said coolly, "Welcome to the Ministry of Magic. Please state your name and business."

"Chaos, Storm, and Lycaon, here to retrieve what is mine," Hadrian answered. Sirius wriggled excitedly, and Remus clamped a hand on his shoulder.

"Thank you. Visitor, please take this badge and attach it to the front of your robes."

Three badges clattered out of the coin dispenser. Remus took them and handed one to Hadrian, then the other to Sirius.

"We're not actually going to put them *on,*" Hadrian said exasperatedly. Sirius sniggered, and Remus mock growled at him.

"Visitor to the Ministry, you are required to submit to a search and present your wand for registration at the security desk, which is located at the far end of the Atrium."

The phone booth shuddered and lowered into the ground. A moment later, it stopped, revealing a huge room with a fountain and several lifts. It was very quiet.

"Where is everyone?" Hadrian demanded.

"We don't know," Rabastan answered.

"Then go *look,*" Hadrian said scathingly. The Death Eaters fled, performing Disillusionment Charms on themselves.

"You sound like Batty," Fred whispered, earning a playful growl from Hadrian and snickers from George and Sirius.

A few minutes later, all of them returned except Bellatrix and Rabastan. Fred looked worried.

"I don't know what happened," Rodolphus said nervously. "One minute they were beside me, the next they weren't."

Hadrian pursed his lips. "We'll have to go in invisibly." He pulled out his Invisibility Cloak as everyone else reapplied the Disillusionment Charms.

They headed into the lifts, and the cool female voice announced each floor as they headed down. Finally, the lift stopped on "The Department of Mysteries."

The door to the Department of Mysteries was at the end of the hall. Hadrian opened the plain black door and found himself in a completely black circular room with several more doors. Recalling his instructions, Hadrian marched purposefully towards the door ahead of him.

Before he reached the door, there was the sound of a door shutting. Hadrian cursed as the room began spinning. "Who shut the door?"

"Nott," Sirius said quickly. "It was Nott."

"Oi!"

"Father said not to shut the door we came through!" Hadrian snarled, glaring at the idiot. "Now it will take forever not only to find the door to the prophecy room, but also the exit!"

"Do you know where the door leading to the prophecy room is in relation to the exit?" Remus asked calmly as the spinning walls slowed.

"Yes," Hadrian said slowly.

"Then it will be easy to find one if we find the other, and we'll just leave the doors open," Remus pointed out.

"Thank you, Lycaon," Hadrian said in relief. "Each of you open a door. Do not shut it. Tell me if you find the door we came through."

Eventually, they were able to find both the exit and the door that lead to the prophecy room. Hadrian lead the group through the glittering room, ignoring the bell jar with the bird that kept dying and being reborn as an egg. He yanked open the door at the far end, revealing a huge cavern with millions of shelves, each containing about twenty fog-filled orbs.

"Row ninety-seven," Hadrian ordered shortly. "Keep an eye out for Unspeakables -- and Bellab**** and Rabastan."

"Language!"

A few minutes later, Hadrian was standing in front an orb.

S. P. T. to A. P. W. B. D.

Dark Lord and (?) Harry Potter

Hadrian stepped forward and went to reach for the prophecy when he felt his hand break a tripwire spell. He cursed.

"What?" Rodolphus asked in alarm.

"Tripwire spell," Hadrian said shortly, turning to look at the end of the

hall.

Dumbledore was striding towards them, smiling benignly. "Harry, my boy," he said in fake relief. "I have been looking for you for many days. Mr. Weasley and Miss Granger have been very worried about you."

Hadrian's mind raced. How was he going to get out of this?

"Where's my brother and wife?" Rodolphus snarled.

"Unconscious but alive, Rodolphus," Dumbledore said politely. "Now, I must ask you to hand over Harry."

"I am not a f***ing package," Hadrian complained.

"Language," Remus groaned.

"Remus," Dumbledore said in surprise. "I am ashamed at you. Why are you keeping Harry from safety?"

"He's always safe with us, Dumblew****!" Sirius snarled. Hadrian held up a hand, stopping Sirius from attacking him.

"Sirius attacked you because he knew where I was," Hadrian said swiftly. "He brought Remus and the twins to rescue me. Voldemort-" he ignored the Death Eater's flinches "-sent me here to get that, although I don't know what it is." He gestured to the orb.

"It is a weapon," Dumbledore said gravely. "If Voldemort had gotten that, he would have easily won. I am glad that Sirius and Remus are loyal to you, Harry, my boy." He pulled out his wand and pointed it at the Death Eaters. "Now, the five of you, we must hurry. Time is running out. Voldemort will be here any moment."

Yes, he is, Hadrian thought, fingering the bracelet his father had given him and muttering in Parseltongue.

"*~Rescue.~*"

The bracelet turned icy cold briefly.

A ringing noise sounded nearby. Dumbledore sighed. "Time to go, Harry." He lunged forward, shoving a rock into Hadrian's chest. *Portkey!* Hadrian grabbed the orb as quickly as he could.

His followers obviously recognized this as well, because, Remus,

Sirius, and the twins instantly latched onto him.

Dumbledore let go of the rock, and Hadrian was dragged forward into the tunnel of light.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

PART TWO
The Survival of Hadrian Riddle-Prince

Hadrian, of course, was the only one to collapse upon arrival. Remus helped him up, and Hadrian recognized the room as Dumbledore's office.

His view was instantly obscured by a brown-haired blur.

"Harry!" Granger squawked. "We thought you were dead!"

"Get off, G- Hermione, I can't breathe," Hadrian snapped at her.

Granger backed off, looking hurt. Hadrian saw that the rest of the Weasley family, bar Percy, and several other people were present as well. He only recognized Alastor Moody and Professor McGonagall.

"Fred, George," Mr. Weasley said desperately, running forward to pull them into a hug. The twins hugged him back, looking faintly startled.

"Are you all right, Potter?" Moody barked.

"Am I all right?" Hadrian snarled. "I've just spent several weeks in the *care* of Voldemort-"

"Don't say his name!" Ronald complained as several people flinched.

"-so no, I'm not all right."

Because you just took me away from my real parents and mate.

"Mate, you don't need to shout," Ronald said warily.

"I don't need to shout?" Hadrian hissed at him.

"Cub," Remus said gently, and Hadrian allowed the man to pull him into a hug.

"Black! Lupin!" Moody snarled, yanking out his wand.

"That's Lupin-Black to you," Sirius sneered.

"Uncle Padfoot, that's not helping," Hadrian muttered.

"Sorry, Pup," Sirius apologized.

Dumbledore appeared a moment later, dropping an unconscious Bellatrix and Rabastan to the floor. Fred squirmed, but didn't rush to the man.

"Albus, why did you bring these Death Eaters-" Mrs. Weasley began, glaring at Sirius.

"Excuse me!" Sirius sputtered. "I'll have you know-"

Thank Merlin for Sirius' acting skills.

"Molly, they did what they did to *rescue* Harry," Dumbledore soothed, placing a broken tin can on his desk. "I apologize for removing your arm, Sirius." He raised a brow at Sirius' silver arm. "Although it seems you've found a replacement."

"Did you really think I'd let my mate live without an arm?" Remus asked in a slightly icy voice. Everyone stared at him in surprise except his mate and the twins.

Dumbledore shook himself. "I'm sure you would like to reunite with your friends, Harry, my boy."

"I most certainly would not," Hadrian snapped, burying himself further into Remus' arms. "Ronald and Hermione are no longer my friends."

"What!" Ronald roared.

"What did we do?" Granger cried.

"Not a *single. Letter,*" Hadrian snarled. "You ignored me the entire summer! And where were you all when Vernon Dursley *attacked me* because he didn't believe me about the Dementors? I almost DIED!"

Several people gasped.

"I'm sure it wasn't *that bad,* Harry," Dumbledore said.

"And YOU!" Hadrian roared at him, and Dumbledore looked taken aback. "You put me with those stupid Muggles in the first place! You're the reason I had to sleep in a cupboard for ten years!"

"Cupboard?" Remus asked in a very calm voice, while Sirius snarled

furiously.

"A cupboard?" Bill exclaimed.

"Then I'm glad they're dead!" Charlie declared.

"Charlie!" Mrs. Weasley exclaimed.

Hadrian frowned, acting as if he hadn't been the one to torture and kill them. "What are you talking about?"

"I'm afraid, my boy, that your relatives were tortured and murdered brutally," Dumbledore sighed. "Their house has been burned to the ground."

"Did you find out who killed them?" Hadrian asked.

"No," Moody growled, "but we assume that You-Know-Who had something to do with it."

"Why do you care?" Bill asked curiously.

Hadrian smiled humorlessly. "I'd like to give them a medal."

"Harry!" Mrs. Weasley exclaimed.

"Mrs. Weasley, they locked me in a cupboard, Vernon and his spoiled brat of a kid beat me up regularly, I was forced to do every single chore, and if I messed up even slightly, they wouldn't feed me," Hadrian said coldly. "What I did eat was whatever they didn't eat at every meal -- and since my cousin ate so much he was roughly the size of a baby blue whale, I barely got anything. I thought my name was Freak until I went to Muggle school at six years old, and the teacher told me to stop signing my name as 'Freak,' because it wasn't funny. She didn't believe me when I said I thought that was my name."

"If they were still alive I'd kill them myself!" Sirius roared.

"We'd help," the twins chorused angrily.

"Down, Demons, Padfoot," Hadrian said dryly.

"I'm sure it wasn't-" Dumbledore began.

"I can provide memories or take Veritaserum if you don't believe me," Hadrian snapped. "In fact, I intent to do just that -- I'm living with Sirius and Remus, and making sure the Ministry know I was attacked

by Dementors."

"Harry-"

Hadrian ignored him and pulled his uncles out of the room. "Bill, Charlie, Mr. Weasley, you can come too. Demons!"

"Coming Harrikins!" The twins dragged their father after him, and Bill and Charlie followed. They looked torn between amusement and anger.

"What's the Ministry's opinion of me lately?" Hadrian quipped.

Mr. Weasley sighed. "They believe you were kidnapped by Death Eaters and Sirius, after they escaped from Azkaban."

"Technically, I was," Hadrian deadpanned. "Not Siri, though.

"What about the Dementor incident?"

"The Ministry either don't know about it or they're keeping it from the press," Charlie answered. "Dumbledore managed to persuade them to give you a trial instead of immediately expel you, but you got kidnapped before they could schedule one."

"Well, then, I'd better get started on winning them over," Hadrian said lazily.

"You're going to let them hate Dumbledore still, aren't you," Mr. Weasley said tiredly.

"Well, yes. He left me with abusive Muggles," Hadrian said coldly. He paused. "Oh, yes, Fred, you can go rescue your lover now."

"We're not-!" Fred sputtered, then glared at his twin, who was cackling. "Shut up, Devil."

"Make me, Demon!"

"*Silencio!*"

"Missed me!"

"What do you mean by lover?" Bill questioned, chuckling.

Fred and George left to go fetch Rabastan as Hadrian answered, "Rabastan, Rodolphus, and Severus Snape helped us while we were

prisoners."

"Rab and Fred are totally in love," Sirius added, grinning.

"Severus said he didn't know where you were!" Mr. Weasley exclaimed.

"I told him to say that," Hadrian explained. "He's spying on Voldemort-" Charlie, Bill, and Mr. Weasley flinched "-for Dumblebutt-"

Sirius burst out laughing, followed by Bill and Charlie. Mr. Weasley and Remus exchanged exasperated looks.

"-and he'd be the only one who could tell Dumblebutt where we were, so Voldemort-" more flinches, and Bill and Charlie stopped laughing "-would know it was him if he told Dumblebutt where we were," Hadrian finished.

"What about Neville's parents?" Bill asked quietly.

"That was all Bellab****," Hadrian said dismissively.

"Language!" Remus exclaimed.

"Parseltongue," Hadrian shot back, causing Sirius to snigger.

"I'm raising a miniature Sirius," Remus muttered, and Mr. Weasley laughed.

Fred and George reappeared in thin air, a half-asleep Rabastan supported between them.

"Did anyone see you?" Hadrian asked.

Fred and George looked offended. "Do you-"

"-have no faith-"

"-in our skills-"

"-Harrikins?"

"No, they didn't see us," Fred said when Hadrian just raised a brow in answer.

"Wha...?" Rabastan slurred.

"Take him to the dungeons, I'm sure Severus will be fine keeping there," Hadrian smirked. The twins sniggered and disappeared again.

"Where did they learn invisibility spells?" Bill exclaimed.

"Do not question the Demons-" Fred's voice said. Bill and Charlie jumped.

"-for the Demons know all," George's disembodied voice crooned.

Hadrian and Sirius cackled.

"Raising a miniature Sirius," Remus sighed again.

"You know you love me!"

Dear Madam Bones,

I, Lord Harrison James Potter-Merlin-Gryffindor-Hufflepuff, formally request that I be questioned via Veritaserum concerning what happened over my summer. I swear by my magic that I only performed the Patronus Charm in self-defense. There were about twenty dementors attacking me and my Muggle cousin, Dudley.

As for performing magic in front of a Muggle, these ones already knew about magic.

I also request that my guardianship be transferred to Remus Lupin-Black. I know he is unable to care for me on his own, due to the stupid laws about werewolves, but I have a few memories about Sirius Lupin-Black that will change that....

Sirius Lupin-Black Innocent!

Boy-Who-Lived Rescued by Sirius Lupin-Black!

Boy-Who-Lived Abused! Can Dumbledore be Trusted to Protect Our Children?

Guardianship of Boy-Who-Lived Transferred from Dumbledore to Lupin-Blacks!

Chapter 12

Severus pulled Hadrian into a hug as soon as they arrived at his office. "Thank Merlin you're safe," he muttered.

"Aww," the Demons chorused.

"Shut up," Hadrian retorted, hugging his mother back. "Voldemort's freaking out, isn't he?"

Severus spotted Mr. Weasley, Bill, and Charlie beside Remus and Sirius and said, "The Dark Lord is, indeed, 'freaking out.' I would not be surprised if he is already torturing those who were with you at the Ministry." Severus released him. "They messed up spectacularly, letting the Dark Lord's most prized possession escape."

"Well, then I wish Dumblew**** had captured Rab and Rod instead of Rab and Bellab****," Hadrian snorted.

"Language!" Remus groaned, earning a cackle from Sirius.

Severus snorted and curled his lip in disgust. "That b**** is here?"

The three older Weasleys stared at the Potions Master. Obviously they'd never heard him swear before.

"Uh-huh," Hadrian smirked. "I'm sure you wouldn't mind going to *talk* to her. She's in Dumblef***'s office."

"Language!"

Severus' eyes flashed. "I suppose I could drop by after dinner, see if I can get her to talk."

"So, which Death Eater spilled to Dumblef*** that I was at the Ministry?" Hadrian asked, plopping down on an armchair. Sirius followed suit.

"I do not know," Severus said darkly. "The Dark Lord knows it was not me, because *I* was unaware of your mission."

"I have an idea of who it was," Remus said quietly. "It had to have been someone who knew about the mission, correct?"

"Yes," Severus said slowly. "But the only ones who knew about it,

according to the Dark Lord, were the Dark Lord himself and those going."

"There is a Death Eater that is good at spying and eavesdropping," Remus said flatly.

"WHAT!" Sirius bellowed in fury, leaping to his feet. "WORMTAIL I WILL-"

"Sirius, shut up!" Hadrian and Remus hissed at him, and Sirius silenced.

"Why are you mad that Wormtail told Dumbledore you were at the Ministry?" Mr. Weasley asked warily. "You're no longer You-Know-Who's prisoners."

Rabastan woke up completely at that moment. "Where the h*** am I?" he blinked up at Severus. "Severus?"

"You are in my quarters at Hogwarts," Severus said shortly. "These are the idiot Demons' family: their father, Arthur Weasley, and their brothers, Charles and William."

"You can call me Bill," Bill offered.

"Charlie," his brother added.

Rabastan nodded nervously. "I'm-" he paused. "Well, I suppose you already know who I am." Bill nodded.

"What's going on?" Mr. Weasley asked Remus. "If Sirius is angry at Pettigrew for telling Dumbledore you were at the Ministry-"

"Sirius is always angry at Wormtail," Hadrian said dismissively.

"And then you told him to hide his anger," Mr. Weasley pointed out. "You were never You-Know-Who's prisoners, were you."

Bill's and Charlie's eyes widened.

Hadrian studied the three of them. Finally he said, "When I was a baby, Dumbledore stole me from my real parents."

"What?" Bill yelped.

"That's *horrible,*" Charlie breathed.

Hadrian smiled thinly. "Well, that's not entirely as bad as turning me into a weapon that would eventually kill my real father."

Mr. Weasley blanched. "Your father is You-Know-Who," he rasped.

"Speaking of weapons," Hadrian added, pulling the orb out of his robes.

Hadrian's followers and his mother gasped quietly. "You managed to get it," Severus breathed.

"Of course I did, it's me," Hadrian said in offended tone. The twins and Sirius sniggered. "I won't be able to go back until at least Yule. That way we can make it look like we were captured by Bellab**** and Rab. Will you give this to Father, Mother?"

Mr. Weasley, Bill, and Charlie gasped quietly.

"I can do that," Severus sighed, taking the prophecy orb. "He'll be furious that you can't get back, Hadrian."

Hadrian winced. "Just tell him not to attack Rod, Cissa, or Dray."

"He would never hurt your mate, and Narcissa is somewhat of a sister to me," Severus said dryly. Bill and Charlie choked. "As for Rodolphus, as soon as I tell Tom that Wormtail was the traitor, he'll leave Rodolphus alone and torture the stupid rat."

Hadrian hissed. "I want him alive and mostly sane," he growled.

Severus' eyes flashed. "I'll see what I can do."

Hadrian waited until Severus had gone through the Floo before turning to the older Weasleys. "Can I trust you?"

"Yes," Bill said at once, and Charlie nodded, still a little pale. "Har -- Hadrian? We think of you as a little brother. And Dumbledore can go f*** himself."

"He kidnapped a baby," Charlie rasped. "Merlin..."

Hadrian realized Mr. Weasley hadn't spoken. The man looked pained. "I... I can't... Ron and Ginny..."

"Ron is a jealous brat that abandoned Hadrian last year," Charlie pointed out.

"And Ginny continues to stalk Hadrian even though he's made it clear he's not interested in her," Bill pointed out sharply.

"You don't mention Molly," Remus pointed out slowly.

Mr. Weasley's laugh was rather strangled. "Molly doesn't love me. She never has. I'm fairly sure she was cheating on me with Gilderoy Lockhart."

"What!" the twins yelped.

"*Lockhart?!*" Sirius asked in an appalled tone. Remus wrinkled his nose.

"Yes," Mr. Weasley sighed.

"I can see Ronald and Ginny being his brats," Hadrian snorted. "They're both full of themselves and stupid."

Mr. Weasley closed his eyes, shaking slightly. "They are still children. I can't... and Kings..."

"That's right, you're friends with Kings," Bill mused. "But you know how Kings feels about line theft, Dad, he'll easily be swayed."

"I... I would still like to be neutral, at least," Mr. Weasley said quietly.

"That's fine," Hadrian said, waving a hand dismissively. "You said Kingsley could be swayed?"

Severus emerged from the Floo with the orb, and immediately was pounced upon by his mate.

"Our son?" Tom rasped, gazing at him desperately.

"Is fine, albeit incredibly annoyed at Dumbledore," Severus assured him, kissing his cheek. "He also succeeded in his mission." He held up the prophecy orb.

Tom gaze sharpened. "What about his followers and Rabastan?" He paused. "Oh, and the b****."

Severus chuckled and sat down on the bed. Tom followed. "They are currently in my rooms, minus Bellab****. She is unconscious in Dumbledore's office."

"Good," Tom declared. "Now, let's listen to this prophecy."

Severus blinked. "You wish me to hear as well?"

"Yes," Tom answered. "You are mine. And the prophecy is about me and our son."

"Supposedly," Severus pointed out, but he pulled out his wand and tapped the orb.

Sybill Trelawney appeared in the fog.

"*The one with the power and desire to vanquish the Light Lord approaches,*" she spoke. Tom's and Severus' eyes widened. "*Born to those who appose him, born to the Dark Lord and his mate.... And he will be taken by the Light Lord, giving him power the Light Lord knows not.... And Death will take for his master the child raised in pain and loneliness.... The one with the power to vanquish the Light Lord approaches, born as the seventh month dies....*"

The Obliviations broke on both Severus and Tom, and a memory bombarded them-

Tom and Severus were chasing two cloaked figures, one very tall and the other very short, down the hall. The tall one was carrying a wailing baby.

"Bellatrix, Wormtail, I will destroy you!" he roared. "You dare take my child?!"

"You were supposed to love me!" Bellatrix shrieked back. "And you will, you will!"

Another person was waiting for them at the end of the hall... a familiar person.

"DUMBLEDORE!" Tom raged.

Dumbledore smiled, eyes sparkling. "Thank you, Bellatrix, my dear," he said warmly, taking the child. "And here is the special potion I promised you."

Bellatrix snatched it, cackling. Severus shot a curse at it, snarling, and the bottle exploded.

"NOOOO!"

"And now, to ensure that you two will not know about my spy..."

Dumbledore pulled out his wand. "Obliviate!"

Chapter 13

Hadrian gaped at his mother. "*Bellatrix* stole me from Father?" he exclaimed. "But she's-" he wrinkled his nose.

Severus growled. "Obsessed with him. The potion that Dumbledore gave her was a mixture of Liquid Imperious and a more powerful version of Armortentia. He would have entirely forgotten you and I and only wanted *her*."

"But he's your *mate!*" Hadrian said in a strangled tone.

"It wouldn't have mattered. Very few things can overpower a mating bond, true, but it is possible," Severus said tiredly. He sat down and winced.

"Mother? Are you-"

"Yes!" Severus exclaimed, turning bright red. "I'm fine!" He rubbed his face. "Tom insisted on showing me who I belonged to after the Oblivation Charm broke," he muttered.

Hadrian turned red, as well. "I did not need to know that."

"You asked," Severus grumbled. He quickly changed the subject -- or rather, returned to the original one. "I'm afraid there's no hope of you torturing Wormtail. Your father ensured that he went insane before murdering the rat painfully."

"Good," Hadrian snarled. "I want memories."

Severus wordlessly pulled a vial out of his pocket and handed it to Hadrian. "It's quite gruesome, even for you," he warned.

Hadrian snorted. "I am *Voldemort's* son, Mother."

"Good point," Severus said tiredly.

"What are we going to to about Bellab****?" Hadrian added. "Father told all the Death Eaters he found me."

"I cursed the woman to only wake up if she was alone with me," Severus said with a slight smile. "She hadn't woken up yet, according to Poppy, so she will never tell Dumbledore about that.

"Your mate also wanted to see you."

"Is Draco all right?" Hadrian asked worriedly.

"He misses you, but other than that, he was healthy and happy," Severus replied. He growled. "Happier than he was with his *father,* at least."

Hadrian growled, too, at the mention of the blond idiot. "I may not be able to see him for a few more days, when the school returns." His vampire whined, but he ignored it.

"Have you solidified the bond yet?" Severus asked dryly. Hadrian turned faintly red and shook his head. "Then you will need to see him sooner. You won't be able to be without him for longer than a few days without him being in despair and you being unable to control your temper."

"How will I be able to see him so soon?" Hadrian asked tiredly. "Dumbledore will know as soon as he arrives."

"The Room of Requirement can be connected to their Floo," Severus answered. "There is an option where the wards only alert the heir of Hogwarts -- you -- as opposed to Dumbledore and McGonagall."

"Let's do that, then," Hadrian said at once. He hesitated. "When... when will I have to..." He turned red again.

"Solidify the bond?" Severus suggested. "There is no real need, at least, if your mate is not being pursued by someone other than you."

Hadrian's vampire snarled. *Mate is mine!*

"Considering that Draco is a Malfoy and a Veela, there will be many women and a few men that will want him," Severus added. Hadrian stifled a possessive snarl. "Bellab**** is a very rare insanity, and I highly doubt you will need to do anything more than mark him."

"Mark?"

Severus curled his lip. "The *adolescent* word for it would be a hickey, but you will also have to use a vampire mark, which is similar but it does not leave a bruise."

Hadrian flushed. Then he imagined Draco's neck covered in hickeys, and he heard his vampire growl in hunger.

"I'll tell Narcissa to send Draco to the Room of Requirement," Severus said, chuckling, and Hadrian hissed at him, blushing.

Draco emerged from the Floo gracefully. He looked much healthier than he had when Hadrian first saw him after his inheritance, but he still had shadows under his eyes.

"Hadrian!" Draco exclaimed, and leaped into his arms. Hadrian pulled him close and nuzzled his hair. "I missed you," Draco mumbled into his shoulder.

"I missed you too, pet," Hadrian replied, kissing the top of his head. He trailed little butterfly kisses from the top of Draco's head to the crook between his neck and shoulder blade, enjoying the shivers and soft squeaks his mate made.

By now, his vampire was straining to mark him, knowing Hadrian wasn't quite ready to mate yet. Hadrian leaned back, and Draco blinked up at him in slightly dazed confusion.

"Permission to mark you as mine," Hadrian asked abruptly.

Draco went bright red. "Y-Yes," he said shyly.

Hadrian smirked in glee and bent his head.

"Nice hickeys, Dray!"

"Don't tease my mate, Demon, or I will tease you about Rabastan's hickey."

"*Pffft*- Ouch, Ly!"

"Storm, do us all a favor and shut up, or our cub will get very angry."

"Fiiiiiiiiine."

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